

PIAZZA TALES

A Charleston Memory



ROSE PRINGLE RAVENEL

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By

Rose Pringle Ravenel

Edited By

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This book is for my nephew Arthur Ravenel. His Aunt Rose hopes he will take pleasure in it. Dear Arthur, the Ravenels are Huguenots. The definition of a Huguenot is one with "firm principles and compact prejudices."

MY YOUTH

I DO NOT approve of old people writing their recollections. Nevertheless, I have been asked to write about my childhood. By referring to my scrapbook and two volumes of war recollections I think I may be able to give some idea of my youth. I was my mother's eighth child. As far I can remember, my childhood was very happy. The boys in the family were kind to their sisters. The first great trouble I had was Mamma telling me I was to have a French nurse. I loved my Negro maumer dearly, jumped in her lap, and told her how troubled I was at the news. Maumer tried to soothe me. I said, "I shall hate that French woman." I was vexed, stamped my foot. I said, "I love you Maumer and hate that French woman." I wept bitter tears. Maumer did her best to comfort me. Then, when she found it was helpless to comfort me, she scolded me, said "If you promise to be good to the French nurse, I will love you. If you are bad, I will have nothing to do with you. I am ashamed to think that the little girl I mind and love can be so bad. Think of Missus little girl getting so vexed. I don't know what to think." She shook her head—the bandana on her head seemed provoked with me. By the time I was dressed, I was smiling and happy. Maumer promised eternal friendship if I was good. I love my French nurse, and it never interfered with my love for the Negro maumers.

THE RAVENEL BROTHERS

THE six brothers—Daniel, James, John, William, Edmund, Henry—were all marked men in their respective spheres of action and thought. They were of pure French descent. The four who lived in Charleston were devoted members of the French Church congregation. John and William had a large shipping business. It cannot be doubted the prosperity which Charleston enjoyed in the period between 1840 and 1860 was owing to their and kindred firms. Their success had much effect in inducing young men to go into business and find honorable employment in commercial life. Daniel was a man of high character and cultivated taste. Occasionally he wrote on current topics for the press. He was chairman of the committee sent to bring home the remains of John C. Calhoun in 1850, and wrote an account of the journey. For many years he was president of the Planters and Merchants Bank. Dr. James lived in St. John's Parish. He died early. Henry was president of the Union Bank. As a captain of the Washington Light Infantry he went to Florida in the Seminole War. John was president of the South Carolina Railroad. Dr. Edmund was a successful practitioner of medicine, an accomplished chemist, and a scientific conchologist. He was one of the founders of the Medical College of South Carolina. His plantation in St. Thomas' Parish was the resort of Agassiz and Holbrook and other scientific men. William, being younger, outlived his brothers. He died in 1888. For sixty years and more he was con-

spicuous in business and social circles in Charleston. His was a life of industry, usefulness, and purity. His genial social nature made him in request as president of various business, charitable, and social societies.

THE CAREER OF WILLIAM RAVENEL

WHEN HE WAS sixteen years of age, on the first of May 1823, my father went into the office of Ravenel and Stevens. The office of this importing firm was on Vanderhorst wharf. The business increased so rapidly that he was taken into the firm seven years later. This enterprise flourished until the Confederate War, at which time the firm (then called Ravenel & Company) was totally destroyed. At the time the war broke out, the firm owned two ships and had the controlling interest in five other vessels and a steam tug. These ships maintained regular trade with Europe. Every spring, for several years, a ship loaded with cotton was sent to St. Petersburg in Russia. Thence she went to Sweden for Swedish iron, which she returned to Charleston for sale in South Carolina and Georgia. The first ship built for the firm was the *John Ravenel*, which was burnt in Ashley River in 1865 when the City of Charleston was evacuated by the Confederate authorities. The second ship was given the name of *John Rutledge*, likewise built in Baltimore, Maryland. She was wrecked on an iceberg on a run between Liverpool, England, and New York.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

WILLIAM RAVENEL, my father, built No. 7 East Battery. The family moved there from Rutledge Avenue in 1845. Sister Kate was born in Orange Street. The house on Orange Street was my grandfather Pringle's home. My grandfather sold the Orange Street house and bought the house in Cannonsboro. Pringle, Lizzie and Mary were born in the house on Rutledge Avenue. William, Edward, Rose, Julius, Arthur and little Eliza were born in No. 7 East Battery. The house has been given the number of 13 East Battery. Before the Confederate War my father bought the Roper house next door. We now have much land north, south and west of the house. When the house was built we had no carriage way—we had to use the archway. All the stucco work in the drawing room of the house was done by an Irishman. The wood-work was executed by our own Negro carpenters. The columns, destroyed in the earthquake of 1886, were of brick washed over with cement. The capitals of the columns were of composite Corinthian work. The Ravenel house is at the center of the Battery. There is nothing between us and the Canary Islands, save Fort Sumter.

WANTOOT PLANTATION

WANTOOT HOUSE was a massive structure of cypress wood. It was said to have been built in 1712, fashioned of wood from the plantation. It was burned in 1865 by a Negro regiment under the command of General Potter, U.S.A.

ROMAN CANDLES AT WANTOOT

GRANDMOTHER Ravenel's grandsons spent their Christmas holidays with her at Wantoot. On one occasion the boys brought some Roman candles. They put them on the mantelpiece in the dining room. That night old Harry, grandmother's butler, wished to find a candle. He went into the dining room in the dark and took a candle (or so he thought) and kneeled down to light it in the fire. He blew and blew on the cold fire. To his astonishment the candle went off. Old Harry jumped up, threw down the candle, screaming that he had "never, never, never seen such a ting before."

THE INTENDANT OF CHARLESTON

COUSIN EMMA Ravenel told me she had often heard her mother say that when she was a child she lived in what is now No. 54 Meeting Street next door to the indendant of the city. The house is now occupied by Louis Simonds.

Aunt Louisa Ravenel, Cousin Emma Ravenel's mother, said she remembered whenever there was a fire in the city a number of police went to the intendant's house with lanterns and escorted the intendant to the fire. An alderman stayed near the intendant. The aldermen had large clubs with gold knobs. They remained there until the fire was extinguished. Every night at the last bell, ten o'clock in summer and nine o'clock in winter, a number of police would go to the intendant's house and beat a drum.

"FOOLING DEM BRITISH"

THE BRITISH who were in the Carolinas during the Revolutionary War heard that Mr. Daniel Ravenel of Wantoot had fine horses. One of the horses they heard so much about that they were determined to get hold of it. A Negro in charge of the plantation, when he heard the British were coming, put the horse in one room of his two room house. He took up the floor in this room so that no one would hear it if the horse should kick. The Negro was sitting by the fire when the British came in and asked for the horse. He knew "Nuttin about de horse." The Negro said that he had never had such an adventurous time in his life. He was afraid that the horse would neigh. He "tanked de Lord when dem British gone. He nearly killed heself wit the laf at foolin dem British."

OLD JACKSON

OLD JACKSON was my grandmother Ravenel's Negro coachman. He drove her carriage for forty years and never had an accident. When Jackson was a young man he was very fond of playing the fiddle for dances and at festivities. He fell into bad habits, drank a great deal. One night he came home after a drunken frolic. The next day he was so mortified to think that he had made such a beast of himself. He took the fiddle out, looked at it, and said, "You are the cause of all my troubles. I will kill you. I will put an end to you." He dashed the fiddle against the kitchen steps. It was true repentance. He never touched a fiddle again and never drank.

A STAUNCH REBEL

MR. PIERRE GAILLARD told me many interesting anecdotes about his great-grandmother Mrs. Hall, of Revolutionary War memory. She was as staunch a rebel as ever lived, and her keen wit and sharp tongue made her noted and feared among the British officers. She lived to the age of eighty-nine.

Mr. Gaillard said that he used to sit by her side when he was a little boy, while in graphic language she described many of the scenes of her youthful days. She told once that she went to a dinner given by the British while they were in possession of Charleston. Her husband told her that no American officers would be there and that she would hear many unpleasant things. She persisted in going, nevertheless. At the dinner a young lady gave a toast—"to the blood that flowed at Guilford Courthouse." Mrs. Hall arose immediately and responded—"Thank God the blood of the British washed away that of the Americans." She told her grandson—"But, my dear, I tell you that I had to leave then."

She frequently conveyed letters to the American troops near Charleston. The letters were carried about her person. She said that the weather was so warm that oftentimes she had to dry the letters before she delivered them to the American commander. On one occasion, when conveying a boatload of supplies to the army on John's Island (where her plantation was located), she rode directly past the British gunboats. She passed herself off as a dying woman about to pay a last visit to her mother.

GENERAL MOULTRIE SAW THE DEVIL

GENERAL MOULTRIE resided at his plantation in St. John's Parish. One dark winter night, between seven and eight o'clock, General Moultrie was returning home. Being very familiar with the countryside, he took a short cut. When he reached Simons Hill, approximately two miles from Wantoot plantation, there appeared suddenly, on his side of the road, something with fiery eyes. It kept by him, went before him, and dropped behind his horse. He was very much alarmed, for the General was unable to make out what it was. General Moultrie put spurs to his horse, and on reaching Wantoot was in a state of agitation. He said, "Daniel, I have seen the Devil at Simons Hill." General Moultrie had had a roll of money, and it was missing from his pocket. After resting, he went on to Northampton that evening. Early the next morning Mr. Ravenel and several other persons went to Simons Hill. The money was found in the road. This occurred shortly after the Revolutionary War. Some time later one of the children of Daniel Ravenel said to General Moultrie when he visited Wantoot "General, are you the man who saw the Devil?" The general, turning to his friend, said, "Daniel, that story will never die."

My father said that General Moultrie must have seen a phosphorescent light that appears in the night over marshy grounds and in swamps. It is thought to be occasioned by the decomposition of animal or vegetable substances.

DISCOVERY OF THE INSURRECTION

I HAVE OFTEN heard my father discuss the slave conspiracy and insurrection that was part of a plot conceived by Denmark Vesey, a free mulatto, which was to take place the night of June 16, 1822. The plan was to murder the whites in Charleston and establish a regime analagous to that in Santo Domingo. My father's version of the story was that Peter Desvernays, Uncle John Prioleau's servant, betrayed the existence of the plot to Uncle John Ravenel. The latter went in company with another gentleman, and with Peter, to one of the Negro meetings in a stable loft where the servant hid them in the hay. They listened to the speech of the conspirators and satisfied themselves of the truth of Peter's story.

OSCEOLA'S WAR WHOOP

AUGUSTA RAVENEL told me this story. Mr. Thomas Bonnell's father was captain of the boat which conveyed the Seminole Indian Chief Osceola and his wife to Fort Moultrie after he was seized. During a few hours in Charleston, Osceola was taken to Captain Bonnell's house, No. 8 Atlantic Street. Osceola was kept in the front room downstairs. Captain Bonnell asked Osceola to give the Indian war whoop, which he did. It was so loud and terrible that all the people in the neighborhood came by the house to see what had happened. They thought Osceola had escaped. The house was crowded with people and the owner thought the roof would come off

EUTAW SPRINGS, THE INDIAN, AND THE WHISKEY BOTTLE

TRADITION SAYS that someone threw a bottle of whiskey into the Eutaw Springs. An Indian jumped into the Springs after the bottle. He disappeared. After some time he was given up as being drowned. Then, to the surprise of his friends, he was seen floating on a spring not far distant. The Indian said that as he dived, a strong current carried him along, with his whiskey bottle. He came up in a spring, the existence of which was not known until the Indian and the whiskey bottle was seen floating on it.

LAFAYETTE AND OLD NED

LAFAYETTE CAME from Camden and Columbia to Charleston. He was escorted by a troop of uniformed young men from the middle country, handsomely dressed, and riding fine white horses. The horses drawing General Lafayette's carriage became very restless and unmanageable when they arrived in Charleston. Mr. J. R. Pringle's coachman, Ned, was nearby when the difficulty arose. Seeing the trouble, he offered his master's horses and carriage. The offer was accepted. The Negro driver of the other carriage told Ned to step down, that he intended to drive General Lafayette. Ned said, "Oh, no! I am going to lend the horses and carriage, but I never let anyone drive my horses but myself." He settled himself on the carriage box and drove the general through the streets of Charleston in grandfather's carriage.

Old Ned died at grandfather's house at the Corner of Gibbes and Legare Streets. He died in the servants' house in the yard. The service was held on the piazza. As the coffin was lifted into the hearse fifty Negro coachmen held up their whips as soldiers do swords for the coffin to pass under. Old Ned was loved and respected by his friends. They chose this way to show their feeling.

PAINTING A PORTRAIT

GRANDMOTHER RAVENEL was at her plantation with her children. One day she saw her eldest son on the step-ladder. He was very busy, and in one hand he held a brush. In the other hand he held a can of green paint. She said, "My son, what are you doing?" he replied, "I think, mother, these old grandmothers' dresses are too low; I am going to paint their necks, and I think they will look a great deal better." The old lady forbade her son to paint any more portraits. He had painted the necks of only one or two. No great harm was done. Had she not found out what her son was doing the portraits might have been injured seriously. Another time grandmother saw the boys under one of the trees at Wantoot. They seemed happy, and she heard shouts of laughter. She went to see what they were doing. She found that her son Edmund had taken out of the house the portrait of de Malacare and put it on a tree as a target. The boys were shooting at it. Edmund told his mother, with great pride, that he had wounded old de Malacare on the shoulder. Grandmother was glad that the old gentleman's face had escaped. She then and there forbade her sons to touch the portraits.

PICTURE OF DANIEL RAVENEL

THE ONLY picture we have of Daniel Ravenel of Wantoot plantation is an oil painting. It is of a little boy in a very stiff, green dress, with a red bird in his hand, and with red shoes. The picture was given to my father by his sisters. Cousin Hal Ravenel told me there was a similar picture in almost every family. Many of these were destroyed by the Yankees during the Confederate War.

MAMMA READS THE SCRIPTURES

I HAVE OFTEN seen Mamma go to a Negro house at Farmfield and read the Bible and pray for the sick. We spent the months of December and April at the farm. Sister Kate used to teach the Negro children every day. She taught them the catechism and to read the Bible. After Mamma and Papa died Sister Kate, Pringle, Lizzie, Edward and myself spent several months in the spring at Farmfield. And on Sundays Sister Kate would read the liturgy of the French Protestant Church. We had service on the piazza or under the trees. Maum Daphne and Sally, our house servants, attended. They listened to the scriptures with profound attention. If Maum Daphne liked any prayer or portion of the scriptures she would give a deep groan. This made Sally, who is a modern Negro, smile. Maum Daphne joined, always, in the Lord's Prayer and the Belief.

BUYING THE FARM

BEFORE THE war my father took great interest in planting. The Marsh plantation on the North Santee River, above Charleston, belonged to my mother. He had an overseer but he went, nevertheless, once a year to the plantation, a rice plantation.

Some years prior to the war he bought a farm in St. Andrew's Parish. There was a small house on the property, which we occupied a few months of each year until a large house was built. The big house, the present building, was constructed by his Negro workmen. The family moved into the house in 1854.

My mother took great interest in having trees planted. When she left it in 1865, at the time of the evacuation of Charleston, it was a beautiful place—the extensive lawns were bordered with rose bushes. I have heard friends who visited at Farmfield say that it ought to have been named Rosefield or Roseland.

Farmfield Farm was self-supporting. The family was supplied with every kind of vegetable. I have never forgotten the large dishes of figs, plums, water-mellon, and muskmelon that were products of the farm when I was a child.

My father had a Negro foreman named Charles who was devoted to him. It was but five miles from our town house to our country house, and my father would visit Farmfield two or three times a week. He always carried a nice dinner to Charles, and often took ginger cakes for the Negro children.

My mother went with him often and took an interest in superintending the garden and dairy.

My mother told me that on one occasion, when she asked old Charles to send some Negro men to work in the garden, he said, "Missus, I have no time to look at such temporary things."

THE POOR SUITOR

SAMUEL PRIOLEAU was grandmother Ravenel's brother. He was in love with a Charleston lady. Her father objected inasmuch as Samuel had no money. If Mr. Samuel Prioleau, Sr., would put down a stated sum, then the young man could have his daughter. Samuel's father said it was impossible for him to do so. He had a large family for whom he had to provide.

The young lady met and parted at his father's house. Aunt Dawson, who was Catherine Prioleau, and Samuel's sister, a little girl, peered over the banisters and saw the parting. They said that the young people were heartbroken.

Samuel went to the West Indies. At the time of the Confederate War, the family heard that he had died and left a large fortune. He never married.

After the war the family was poor, his sisters old, and we never heard anything more of Samuel Prioleau.

The lady married some time after Samuel left Charleston. It was not a happy marriage. She, her children and grandchildren had much trouble and sorrow. I heard this from the old people.

CHRISTMAS AT FARMFIELD

REMEMBER SPENDING Christmas at Farmfield when I was a child. I was in the drawing room on Christmas morning playing with my dolls. My brother William came into the room, said, "Rose, Mamma and Papa are going to superintend the giving of clothes to the Negroes. They are on the north piazza. Why do you not come? I called my French nurse. She said that our *paysan* and *paysanne* amused her, though she did not understand their patois. We found the piazza covered with cotton and wool clothes of every hue. There were white goods, shoes, and blankets—all that was needed to clothe and make the Negroes comfortable in the winter. It was a picturesque scene. The women wore dark homespun dresses, white or colored aprons, hankerchiefs around their necks, and bandana kerchiefs on their heads. The Negro men had on colored cotton or flannel shirts. Some wore pointed caps with many stripes. The men had their coats and pantaloons made for them. The women were provided with material and made their own clothes. All seemed satisfied. Though Mamma told me that once she gave Daddy Bacchus his clothes and he said "I don't like dem." He flung them down and walked off, saying "I don't like de cut, won't wear dem clothes." Mamma told him she would try and get what he wanted but that he must tell her what he liked. Mamma was amused at Daddy Bacchus being so fastidious. She was told that he was an African, and for a long time it was difficult to make him wear any clothes at all. During the morning

many of the Negro women came to the piazza, made a low curtsy and gave me eggs. I gave an apron, kerchief, and whatever I thought they would like. They said "Tanky little Miss. God bless my little Miss." These civilities were constantly passing being the Negroes and their young mistresses.

Later in the day I saw Bill rush up to Papa. He said, "The Negroes are dancing in the piazza of the old house. It is too small. Do let them dance in our large piazza." Papa said, "Certainly. Tell them to come and dance as long as they wish. I wish them to be as happy as possible." I never saw people more happy or better behaved. A Negro man played the fiddle and another knocked two sticks on the floor, while a third man called out the figures. The musicians kept their feet and bodies going as fast as the dancers themselves. The dancing, like Queen Elizabeth's, was "high and discreet." The chief fiddler sat like a lord, flourishing his bow and issuing his dancing decrees. Horlsey, our butler, was devoted to dancing. After putting each course on the table he would rush out and take a dance. Of course, it was neither right nor polite of Horlsey, but everything was forgiven on Christmas. Papa gave the Negroes a nice dinner on Christmas and allowed them to invite their friends. He said that if the Negroes were happy they would stay at home. They had many friends come from other plantations. The Christmas festival lasted three days. No task was imposed during this time.

That night my French nurse put me to bed early. I do not know how late the dancing was kept up; I fell asleep with the music and shouting

in my ears—"Christmas come, Christmas gwine." As I remember the times, the Negroes were happy and comfortable. I believe that some of them were the happiest, laziest set of people I have ever seen. They were always singing, laughing, and good-natured. They were devoted and petted. "Old Missus and Mausser chillun" did all they could to make our visits to the plantation so pleasant to remember.

LAURIUM, AN OLD FAMILY PLACE

THIS is what Mamma told Sister Kate: "The earliest memory I have is of Laurium. I was told that I was five years old. I wondered where I had been all the five years that had passed. I had been alive and never remembered a birthday before.

Laurium was an old family place in Prince William's Parish not far from Pocotaligo. This is some fifty miles south of Charleston. It was the residence of my great-grandmother who left it to my mother, she being her favorite grandchild. Mrs. Martha McPherson, my great-grandmother, had one daughter and one son.

My grandparents resided at Laurium, where my grandfather had a race course. He was fond of sporting, owned a number of race horses. He gave large dinner parties to the other sportsmen at the time of the races. And he soon discovered that he had no room large enough to accomodate those to whom he wished to be hospitable. Therefore he built a room the width of the house, which was

called the long room. On rainy days, when we were not allowed to go outside, we played in this room. This was a great treat.

Grandma continued to reside at Laurium after the death of my grandfather who was shipwrecked in the *Rose in Bloom*. Then, after my mother's marriage, she bought a place where she had a small neat house built. She named this property Little Canaan. The grounds were laid out in pretty fashion. Many a happy day have I spent there with that dear old lady who, amid all her sorrows, was most cheerful. Grandma's maiden name was Miles. She married her first cousin John McPherson in 1776 when she was sixteen years of age. She had a fine voice for singing, sweet and powerful. She played the guitar. I have heard say that she has placed her guitar on a table at a distance and that when she commenced to sing the tones of her voice would cause the strings of the guitar to vibrate.

On one occasion during the Revolutionary War she went in a chaise to see Grandpa whose company was encamped some miles distant from Laurium. In the course of the journey she met two Continentals who had just tied their horses and were eating their dinner of bread and cheese. They invited her to partake of their meal and handed her some bread and cheese to her in the chaise. They requested that she play and sing for them. She took up her guitar and improvised the following—

I met two men upon the road,
 And how do you think I served them?
 I took away their bread and cheese
 And t'was enough to starve them.

They cried, 'No, we have plenty to spare.'
 The song was sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle.
 Grandma then proceeded to the encampment."

CROSSING THE ASHLEY

MAMMA OFTEN told me that once or twice a year she went with her parents to their plantation. They crossed the Ashley River in a flatboat called a teamboat—it was propelled by a horse or mule that walked round and round turning a wheel. After crossing the river, they drove in their carriage to Aunt Bull's at Ashley Hall plantation. They would spend the night or perhaps longer. Then they drove on the Smithfield, Aunt Robert Smith's place, and Rice Hope, Aunt Nancy Creighton's plantation.

They had to cross over several ferries. Mamma said it was pleasant to watch the ripple of the waves and the lazy movements of the Negroes as they plied the oars. One of the Negro men would sing, the rest of the crew joining in from time to time.

JIMMY McPHERSON'S SQUAW

JAMES McPHERSON, grandfather of General McPherson who died in the shipwreck of the *Rose in Bloom*, lived in colonial days on his plantation in Prince William's Parish. He was a brave soldier, and the Indians stood in great awe of him.

One day a number of Indians went to Jimmy McPherson's plantation house—he was away. They

ordered Mrs. McPherson out of the house, spoke harshly to her, and threatened to take her away with them. One of the Indians said, "Better take care what you do with Jimmy McPherson's squaw. If you touch a hair of her head Jimmy McPherson will have his revenge, and when he is vexed he is the very devil."

The Indians left the house immediately. Mrs. McPherson went in the house and had no fears the rest of the day. When her husband returned, she told him of her adventure in the morning. He said that the Indians were right. It was said that at that time the Indians trembled at his name.

ROXANA

GENERAL JOHN McPherson, my great grandfather, had a fine race horse by the name of Roxana. The horse became very ill. The general consulted his friends, and all the authorities said the horse was going to die. "General, nothing can be done. You had better shoot Roxana as her suffering will be great and there is no hope of her ever getting well." My great-grandmother heard what the gentlemen said. After the general walked into the house, very sad at the thought of parting with his favorite horse, she said to the Negro who had care of Roxana; "Don't shoot her. I think I can cure her." By patience and perserverance she restored Roxana to perfect health. Mrs. McPher-

son was fond of horses, and having cured Roxana gave her such a reputation that her husband's friends would ask her opinion before buying a horse.

Roxana was to run a race. The Negro boy who always rode Roxana had been sick with small-pox. General McPherson consented against his will to let the boy ride, as he could not bear to disappoint him. Towards the end of the race the stirrup broke, but the little jockey put it in his mouth and came in triumphant. He won the race. The prize was a large silver bowl with race horses around it—a handsome piece of silver.

THE CHIEF DUTY OF MAN

SUSAN MILES (later Mrs. John McPherson) was a very bright and lively child. After her mother died she went to live with her aunt, who was a Presbyterian. Mr. Tom Butler was a great friend of the family and petted little Susan a great deal. He told her when the minister catechised her on Sunday and asked her what is the chief duty of man that she must say "to marry and get a wife as soon as he can." On the following Sunday when the minister put this question to her, he was surprised at her answer. He did not know what to say. Her aunt showed her displeasure by giving her a good whipping as soon as she returned home. When Mr. Tom Butler met her he gave her a kiss and a silver dollar. She said that she did not mind having been punished as she had received her dollar.

ISAAC McPHERSON'S JUMP

THE MCPHERSONS, who held a large grant of land from the Crown for services in repulsing the attacks of the Indians on the settlers in the Carolinas, led the retired life of country gentlemen on their plantations in Prince William's Parish. They raised fine horses in which they took great pride. These were the days when racing was at high value in South Carolina, but more for the keeping up the stock than for the monetary advantages accruing therefrom. The McPhersons ranked among the kings of the turf. Many are the stories of their prowess as horsemen. One of the best authenticated concerns Isaac McPherson, the Indian fighter.

Now Isaac, like the rest of his name, had great pride in his racing stock. One of his horses, Flinnap, was especially distinguished. At the time when Jacksonboro was the seat of government of Carolina, the Assembly being in session, Isaac McPherson was there. In a discussion with friends one night as to the wonderful control he could exercise over Flinnap, he laid a wager that he would be able to ride the horse up the staircase and jump him from the second story window. The wager was accepted. Isaac went down, got the horse, and, to the surprise of his friends, did ride him up the stairs. All obstruction having been removed from the window, he proceeded to fulfill the conditions of the wager. Up to this time his friends had only half believed him in earnest. They now remonstrated against making the jump which they feared would cost him

his life, going so far as to say that they knew he could do it and would consider the wager satisfied. But Isaac McPherson was not to be thwarted. He made the jump and landed horse and rider safe on the ground—a distance of some eighteen feet.

GRANDMOTHER PRINGLE'S DIAMOND

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER McPherson was in Paris with his daughter Elizabeth Mary McPherson. The general and his daughter were invited by the First Consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, to attend a reception. The names of strangers asked to the reception were published in the newspapers. The next day a jeweler, a Mr. McPherson, called on the general and asked him to let his young daughter wear some of his diamonds to the reception. General McPherson refused, could not think of such a thing. At last the jeweler said, "For the sake of the McPherson clan you ought to let your daughter wear the diamonds. Tomorrow you and your daughter represent the Clan McPherson at Napoleon's reception." After that appeal, the general was proud to represent the clan, and so was his daughter. Napoleon was charming and gracious, spoke of Ossian's poems which he admired. Josephine was all grace. They were both kind and pleasant.

The next day the general called on Mr. McPherson, returned the diamonds with his thanks. General McPherson bought a diamond ring and gave it to his daughter Elizabeth McPherson—the same ring was in the box in the *Rose in Bloom*.

THE ROSE IN BLOOM

MISS MCPHERSON and her father, General McPherson, were going from Charleston to New York by sea in the ship *Rose in Bloom*. Three different times during the voyage Miss McPherson had a dream that they would meet with a storm and be wrecked—that many would be lost and that she herself would be saved. She told her father and the captain of her dream. The captain begged her not to mention the dream, as sailors were easily demoralized.

The third dream occurred on the night before the ship was upset. Very early on Sunday morning she arose and put away the heavy dress she had worn on the voyage and put on a silk as she imagined that would float. Then she removed her diamond ring and locked it up in the dressing box. This box had her name engraved on a plate on the outside. She then awakened her father, telling him of the violent storm that was raging.

The ship was abandoned and Miss McPherson was cast into the water. She was caught by her hair, which was thick and very long, and pulled in by it. As there wasn't any rope or anything that could be used to tie her to the wreckage, she was tied by her hair to the belaying pins of the wreck until something better could be procured. General McPherson was caught by his coat tails. He would have been saved had he not been struck in the head with a spar.

Miss McPherson was the only lady saved. They drifted a long time in a rowboat. In the boat with Miss McPherson were several gentlemen and sailors. She was very cold, and one of the gentlemen asked a sailor, who was steering the boat and who had a warm jacket, to give his coat to the lady. He refused to do so, saying his life was as good as her life. Then, in a perfectly respectful manner, he said, "If the young lady will come near me I will put the jacket around her. It is large enough for both of us." Miss McPherson thanked him, and was only too glad to share the jacket. She was very thirsty and there was no water. They gave her a piece of lead to put into her mouth to hold the spittle.

Some time later the survivors met a fishing boat from Canada and were taken up by them. At first the fishermen refused to carry them to New York. They said it was out of their way, then consented to do so. Miss McPherson was taken to Mrs. Mums' boarding house. She had swallowed a great deal of sea water and was very ill.

When Mr. Pierce Butler heard the news in Philadelphia of the shipwreck of the *Rose in Bloom* and that General McPherson had drowned and Miss McPherson was ill in New York, he rushed to that city. He drove in his carriage pulled by four horses.

The *Rose in Bloom* was found some time later. It was abandoned, water-logged. The salvagers towed it into New York. A diver was sent down to

see what he could find in the ship's cabin. Before diving, he called on Miss McPherson. She informed him that she had put her diamond ring in a small box on a shelf. The diver found the box and ring precisely where Miss McPherson said she had placed it.

It was discovered that the *Rose in Bloom* had not been properly ballasted and did not have a competent crew. The crew was not made up of real sailors but of mechanics working their way home.

AFTER THE SHIPWRECK

SAILORS ABOARD a vessel sailing in the Bay of Biscay saw things floating on the water at a little distance. They asked the captain to give them permission to investigate. He consented, for he realized there must have been a shipwreck. The sailors brought aboard ship a trunk with a brass plate on it on which was the name of General McPherson, Charleston, South Carolina. He said, "I have been to Charleston and know General McPherson. Thus I shall take this trunk." When he returned to port the captain had the trunk repaired and the articles in it restored. He sent them to Paris where they were put in good order. The captain then had them shipped to Mrs. John McPherson. Some cameos were among the things in the trunk saved from the shipwreck. Lizzie has a piece for the head. It is of gold with three cameos. Sister Kate has a piece for the neck and sleeve buttons with cameos. I have a necklace with a cameo and a pin with comeos.

A MONUMENT IN THE HOUSE

GENERAL MCPHERSON'S monument—the slab with the carving of the shipwreck of the *Rose in Bloom*—is at the foot of our staircase on East Battery.

After the shipwreck Miss McPherson and her mother decided to have a monument made to General McPherson who drowned. It was to be put in the Scotch Church in Charleston.

The monument was made in London, England, and sent to Charleston in 1807. Miss McPherson was married to Mr. J. R. Pringle when it arrived. The family did not like the figure of the lady on the monument, thought it vulgar. Mr. Pringle did not like the style of dress (I call it decollete). Hence it was not put up in the Scotch Church. For many years the slab rested against the J. R. Pringle house in Rutledge Avenue. When that house was sold it was taken to Uncle James R. Pringle's house in Legare Street.

The monument is said to have been made by Canova (all the papers concerning the monument were lost in the Confederate War) and to have cost four or five thousand dollars.

After the war Mrs. Fleming from Philadelphia, Cousin Margaretta Ravenel's mother, came to Charleston and said that she had looked in all the churchyards and been unable to find the monument to General McPherson. She wished to buy it. When she was in London, a girl of seventeen in 1807, a monument to General McPherson of Charleston was exhibited at Lord—(I do not remember the name)

house. It was said to be by Canova. The family were very indignant at the idea of selling the monument, but did not know where it was and indeed, many had never heard of it. Uncle James Pringle then remembered that at the beginning of the war he had placed it in a loft of a stable and covered it with rubbish. He found a ladder, went into the loft and discovered the monument. When my uncle gave up the house in Legare Street the monument was sent to our house on East Battery. We put it in a room in the yard and called it the monument room. It rested there for many years. When anyone wished a paper weight they took a shell, one of the ornaments on the monument. Sister Kate had the slab cleaned and set in the entry at the foot of the staircase.

Some of the family thought to place General McPherson's monument at the foot of the staircase rather peculiar, not to say eccentric. However we enjoy the monument more, having it at the foot of the staircase than were it in a churchyard.

A GALLOPING WEDDING

MY GRANDMOTHER was asked by a friend to help her decide what kind of party to give the day after her wedding. She wished a bright, original party. My grandmother suggested that she ask the bridesmaids and groomsmen to assemble at eight o'clock in the morning on horseback and that the party take a nice long ride. The party assembled as desired at the home of the bride's mother. They were in high spirits and went galloping through the streets of Charleston. Some old people were shock-

ed, said the manners of young people were most peculiar—they were so undignified. The bridal party expressed themselves as charmed with the ride. The bride said that she had a pleasant time, though her pleasure was marred by the groom. He said he would not make such a “D__fool” of himself.

MY FRENCH NURSE

THE FIRST thing I remember that interested me intensely was Mamma telling me that I was to have a French nurse. Mamma had sent to France for a nurse to take care of my baby sister but the baby died before the nurse arrived.

I do not remember Marie's arrival. But she told me about it so often that I feel as though I remember it. Marie said that the French woman Mamma sent for decided at the last moment not to go to the United States and that she, Marie, came in her place. Mamma called her Marie. She thought that for the girl to be called after the Virgin was a good omen. Months later Mamma discovered that her name was not Marie but Rene Pocard. We persisted in calling her Marie.

Later she told me the story of her arrival in Charleston. She said, “Madame was amiable and kind. The drive to the plantation was pleasant, and Madame spoke French. As soon as we arrived Madame took me to the north piazza. Under a large cedar tree near the house was a gray donkey. Six or seven boys were doing their best to make donkey get up, but it would not move. I laughed heartily. Madame said, ‘Marie, that little girl with the long white apron is the child you are to take care of.’ I

said to myself, '*Mon Dieu!* A girl—I thought she was a boy! Oh, how dreadfully the Americans dress their children!' I was told that dinner was ready. A pretty Irish girl dined with me. She seemed nice but could not speak French. I could not speak English. A Negro boy tormented me, handed me a plate of soup. He was grinning and his white teeth were showing. The little devil handed me many dishes I had never seen before, and the queerest of all were ugly brown things—yam potatoes. In time I became fond of the latter. The more I shook my head and gesticulated the more the devil tormented me. I thanked God when dinner was over, went to my room and cried until the Irish girl entered. She had on a hat and was smiling. I took this as an invitation to go for a walk. We went down the avenue where the large oak trees were draped with gray moss in a wonderful fashion. What a country! The very trees look *triste*. Tears came to my eyes. However the Irish girl seemed to be happy, and that was encouraging. Suddenly, from a side road, came a number of very black men and women. I was so frightened that I was going to run back to the house as fast as I could run. Then I looked at the Irish girl and was surprised to see her smiling and bowing. I could not let the Irish girl get ahead of the French in politeness. I was trembling but I made an effort to smile and bow. Nevertheless, I was scared and unhappy. Oh they were queer-looking people! The women curtsied to the ground and the men took off their caps and made a bow. They wore their everlasting grins, showing their white teeth. The women had their dresses tied up with a cord below the waist

which made the dresses very short, and their heads were tied with some colored cotton stuff. Many of them had large bundles of wood on their heads, which they balanced in a wonderful manner. Some of them were graceful. And though they were so black, they were picturesque. They spoke as they passed by us. Coming home down the avenue we met many black children. They were so dirty, curtsied like their mothers, and had funny black babies on their backs—with large black eyes showing a great deal of the white of the eye. Some of the children had buckets or baskets on their heads. Never in my life had I taken such a walk. Every moment someone was making a low bow. I laughed to think that I, Marie, a peasant girl, should be treated as though I were a great lady. At supper I went through the same terrible torment as at dinner. I found it difficult not to slap the face of the black devil. As I was in a strange country, I thought it best to show that a French woman had the manners and temper of an angel. I spent the evening alone in my room, taking things out of my trunk and making myself comfortable. Mademoiselle Rose, the child of six, came into the room and asked me to put her to bed. I began to cry. Mademoiselle Rose jumped in my lap, hugged and kissed me."

From that first day Marie and I were devoted to each other—nothing could have been more perfect than our love. Marie always said that if it had not been for Mademoiselle Rose she would never have stayed in America. She never liked the *negre* as she called the Negroes. I do not think that she understood them. She said that they were so dirty and

that their extravagance was enough to put a Frenchman in the grave should he have the misfortune to have anything to do with them. Marie read me the letters she wrote home to France. What she found amusing was an everyday occurrence to me. Everything that was done on the plantation interested Marie. She would say that "Madame is always thinking of and working for these ugly, lazy Negroes." Marie liked, especially, to watch Maum Sophy with all the Negro children playing around her doors, on the steps, and in the house. The mothers left their children with Maum Sophy until they returned at dinner time. They seemed satisfied and grateful to Maum Sophy. In these days it would be said that Maum Sophy had a kindergarten. Marie was a delightful person. She was not pretty, but she was gay and had a catching laugh. There was nothing that she could not do with a needle. She made beautiful ball dresses for my sisters and dressed me, or so she said, like a real French child. She was always working at some exquisite embroidery. She made nice deserts—a Savoy cake was her specialty. She was a maid to a French lady of quality before she came to this country. She had travelled a great deal in Europe before she came to this country and enjoyed speaking of the places she had visited. I was young, and preferred fairy tales and stories about Marie's childhood in her village home in France. Marie stayed with us seven years. Then one day she told Mamma that she was to be married; she wept as she told us the news. Mamma said, "Why do you marry if it is so dreadful? You must always look on this house as your home." Marie

replied, "Oh Madame, it is my home. I will never again be so happy. But I am twenty-five years old. When a woman is twenty-five years old, she must marry or else enter a convent." Marie had a cousin in Charleston and this cousin had an Irish friend whose brother was unmarried. They made the match. Marie married the Irishman. He was good to her after his fashion, but they were not congenial. They never understood each other. Marie left our house on a summer morning in the year 1863. She departed in tears. Mamma used to let me take supper with Marie on occasions. I was sent to her house in a carriage. Marie would receive me as though it were an honor I was doing her. She always looked charming in her pretty white cap. She made my visits a kind of fete. Her cooking was very good. The table, rooms and everything were as pretty and sweet as possible. We would be laughing and talking, having a fine time, when the street door opened. Marie would rush out and make her husband put on his coat. She would say, "Mademoiselle has done us the honor of having supper with us." At the beginning of the meal we would speak in English but soon we forgot old Fleming and returned to French. Dear Marie lived but a year. She died and left a baby that soon followed her. It was the best thing she could do—to die. I loved her dearly. Her death was a great trouble to me. My Negro nurse Rachel died two years later. I missed my kind friends, felt so lonely without them. When I was a child my Negro nurse and Negro maumers were devoted to me and took me into a world of romance and religion which was rather a medley.

THE DEATH OF YOUNG WILLIAM

MY BROTHER William Ravenel, Jr., aged seventeen, was brought home to East Battery. He was desperately ill with typhoid fever. He had been doing guard duty. The night of August 24, 1863 the Yankees shelled Charleston. One of the shells fell in the water in front of our house, and the family was urged to leave East Battery. My father objected but, in time, yielded. At four o'clock in the morning an ambulance was brought around to the house. Mamma and Sister Kate sat on the floor of the ambulance. Bill lay on a mattress. His head rested on Sister Kate's lap. They wended their way uptown with the dying boy. After traveling a mile and a half Mr. George Trenholm, who lived in the house my grandfather had owned on Rutledge Avenue, took them in and gave them shelter. Bill died in what used to be grandmother Pringle's bedroom.

THE SHELLING OF THE CITY

IN THE winter of 1864, Pringle our brother, came home on a short furlough. One morning we walked downtown to our house on East Battery. We walked down King and Meeting Streets, stopping again and again to listen for the shells that were coming. We gathered that they were falling in the eastern part of the city. I remember that there were earth works in Meeting Street from Lightwood Alley to the Battery. There was a high battery in White Point Garden. Our house, we observed, was extensively damaged by shells. We entered the

house and sat on the piazza on the second floor. We looked out over the harbor—it was a lovely winter day and the water appeared so peaceful and calm. The shells were coming in towards the west. On our way back uptown we found the streets grown up in grass and weeds. There were very few people about. Everywhere we saw the work of shells that had been hurled into the city.

FARMFIELD

I WAS WITH my father and mother at Farmfield in St. Andrew's Parish the months of January, February, and March of 1865. I was taught to card cotton and wool, to spin it into yarn, and made to knit one or two pairs of socks for the soldiers every month. Every day I read aloud in French to Mamma, and was made to knit while I read. Mamma said that if I knew how to knit without looking at the knitting it would help me if I was ever old and blind.

I helped to make envelopes and made all kinds of paper. When a letter was received the envelope was turned if it was possible to do so. Often the envelopes were made of wallpaper.

I love to watch the Negro women make myrtle-berry candles. I gathered the berries for them very often. I took pleasure also in picking rushes, peeling them, dipping them in lard, and drying them. They were used to light candles and the lard lamps, for matches were difficult to obtain. In fact, I do not remember seeing matches during those days. Lightwood made too much smoke—hence rushes were used. The rushes grew in swampy places and

in brackish water. Always there was a fire in the kitchen, and we get a light from that fire for the rushes.

Salt was made at Farmfield. It was taken from Wappoo Creek in buckets, emptied into large iron pots and boiled down. The creek was near at high tide and it was easy to bring the water up in buckets. The iron pots used in the boiling process were kept near the stable.

When Mamma wanted hair pins a Negro boy was sent down the avenue to climb a tree and gather locust thorns. On these thorns were stamped seals—seals fashioned of wax in many colors. The thorns were thought to be very pretty in one's hair.

Pokeberries were gathered in order to make ink. Rose geranium leaves were distilled for the sick.

The books we read that winter at Farmfield (the ones I remember) were Pope's Homer and Sir Walter Scott. We read more French than English—English was a novelty.

Molasses candy was a great treat. Rice in the hull was put on a shuffle. The rice expanded and popped. These pretty white things were dropped in the candy. At long intervals we were given gingerbread. It was not made with real ginger but with red pepper. We thought this gingerbread delicious.

In the Up-Country raspberry leaves were gathered. They were dried and used for tea. In the Low-Country strawberry leaves were used.

FLOWER DOLLS

EARLY IN the war my dolls were lost. I do not remember in what manner it happened. Miss Maria Middleton made some paper dolls for Lizzie, Alfred Ravenel, and me. We found that flower dolls were easy to obtain. My French nurse put arms and legs made of grass or straw on the flower dolls. They were frail, not easy to handle. We amused ourselves by telling their histories. The dolls had many adventures. Often I would bring a large family of snowdrops to visit Lizzie's periwinkles. The dolls had wide or narrow skirts as each variety of flower came in season. When there was no wind we played with the dolls on the steps of the big house at Farmfield.

WARTIME GLASSWARE

I HAVE OFTEN seen Mamma make tumblers. She took a string dipped in oil, tied it around a bottle, and set the string on fire. The bottle would break along the line where the string had been tied. Sandpaper was used to smooth the edge of the tumblers. We never used them on the dinner table. They were used in the pantry. The bottles were pretty, dark and light blue, green, red, and amber. In those days the lady of the house had to be clever and find substitutes for whatever was needed, as household supplies could not be purchased at any price. For instance, sandpaper was made of glue or paste on thick paper. Sand from the beaches was sprinkled on the paper. I have seen it done, though I have never done it myself. The gum from peach and plum trees made a very satisfactory glue.

THE WINTER OF 1865

I SPENT THE winter of 1865 with my father and mother at Farmfield. Papa went to Charleston early every morning. Mamma would give the orders about dinner to Maum Daphne, then sit down by the dining room fire and hear me recite my French lessons. During the lessons Maum Sophy would come in to report if any of the Negroes were sick, to explain what was needed, and to ask advice. These confidential conversations lasted a long time. After Maum Sophy left and the French lessons were completed, Mamma and I would take a nice relish to old Charles our Negro foreman, who was very sick. Old Charles was interesting and most clever. Generally we found him reading, with a large Bible on his knees. Sometimes we gave him the newspapers. Usually he said he did not care for them, said "Mausser will give me the news when he comes home." Charles frequently talked of old times. The war was a great trouble to him.

Later in the day Mamma and I would take a drive. We had an old mule that never went out of a walk. Mamma knew nothing about driving. We went until we came to camp, and then asked a soldier to turn the mule and buggy so that we could head for home. During these drives Mamma told me stories of the Revolutionary War that she had heard from her grandmother. She told me about France and sometimes recited poetry. We were so happy, and I never tired of hearing of the past.

At dusk Mamma put a large piece of lightwood on the fire in the dining room, sat on the hearth rug

and read to me in French. We lit the lamp when we heard Papa arrive. We always had soldiers to supper and to spend the night. The young soldiers were delightful, so gay and hopeful. They had no end of funny stories. Often we had old soldiers. They were very grave and courageous. Their conversation, though painful and depressing, was thrilling. I could help listening when battles were discussed. My parents were enthusiastic over our brave men, and spoke with tenderness and affection of friends who had been killed in battle, sorrowful over the death of some young soldier who had died—"so and so's only son—young and promising." Those old soldiers would shake their heads and ask, "How will the war end?" My own dear Papa would look serious; a gloomy, suffering expression would pass over his handsome face. Often I would leave the room and sit on the stairs and weep. I was frightened and spent many nights wondering how anyone lived to a good old age. Life was so stormy and painful.

One evening Papa told us Mr. and Mrs. B.... were to run the blockade that very night. The next morning I said, "The B's have run the blockade successfully." "What do you know about it child? How can you possibly know?" I said, "I listened all night and did not hear any extra bombarding." From my bed at night I could observe the shells falling on James Island. I never minded hearing the heavy guns from the forts or gunboats as much as the guns of the infantry. My blood seemed to curdle when I heard the infantry guns on the Island. The following day I heard there had been a skirmish with

the enemy. I was moved into another room—I could hear the gunfire, missed the diversion of watching the shells.

One morning my parents left the farm at eight o'clock. They went to see Cousin Dan Ravenel who was ill. I was the only white person on the plantation. As I felt bad, I stayed in bed. Soon after Papa and Mamma left I heard loud knocks at the back door which was near my own room. Maum Betsy came to me, said, "Miss Rose, ever so many soldiers have come and they want something to eat. They say they are so hungry. They look starved." I gave Maum Betsy the keys and told her to feed breakfast to the soldiers. Negroes are so kind-hearted, and like nothing better than to feed people. I knew that the soldiers were in good hands.

After breakfast had been given the soldier Maum Betsey and two or three Negro women rushed to my room. They were very much excited. They said, "Miss Rose, the soldiers say a terrible battle is going on near here." All that morning the Negro women kept coming in and going out of my room, telling me the news. The rumors of the battle became wilder and wilder. One woman asked "Miss Rose, do you tink Mass Pringle, Mass Edward and Mass James in dat battle?" At about four o'clock in the afternoon my parents arrived at the farm. They found me sick. The next day they sent for Dr. Henry de Saussure. He said I must be brought to Charleston because his son, Alexander, was ill of typhoid and he was unable to leave the city again. However, Papa and Mamma learned that Charleston was to be evacuated in two days.

I do not remember whether it was the seventeenth or eighteenth of March that Mamma and I left the farm. We walked through the dining room (I was in somewhat better health) and breakfast was on the table. It had not been touched. Papa and Mamma were too worried and tried to eat anything. I had had breakfast in my room. Mamma looked around the dining room and said, "Rose, we cannot take anything with us but our clothes and a few pieces of silver. She quickly put the silver in a satchel she was carrying. Therefore we left our comfortable and pretty home furnished not only with our own things but many belongings sent in from other plantations. One room was filled with books. The books were in heaps on the floor of the room, spilling out of the bookcases. When we came down the steps there was a crowd of Negroes to say goodbye—men, women, and children. The Negroes looked sad, were so troubled and unhappy. But they were very quiet. The men were clad in Welsh plains, the women in dark homespun. Maum Daphne and the house servants shook hands with us, the men took off their hats, the women made a low curtsy. With great feeling they said, "God bless you my Missus. God bless you little Miss." We hated to leave them with heavy hearts and tears in their eyes. We said good bye, gave them our blessing and departed. The day before I heard Papa say, "Thank God I am able to leave them well clad and with plenty of food." In those it was not easy to get clothes and our poor soldiers were half starved.

We drove to town, crossing the Ashley River bridge. The ship *John Ravenel* was at anchor in

the river and we took a last look at it. A few hours later it was set afire by our forces, as was the bridge. Driving through the streets of Charleston we met heavy carts laden with furniture—people were moving in from the country. When we arrived at the Northeastern Railroad, Papa and Mamma went to see if it was possible for us to carry our small trunks on the journey. I was put in a railroad car, was too sick to notice my surroundings. I heard someone say, "A child is here! Child, what are you doing here? Good God! It is Rose!" I recognized Uncle Alfred's voice. He took me to another car and put me in the conductor's room. The car I had been in was a car filled with sick soldiers. There were mattresses on the floor. Men were lying on them and some of them were groaning.

Mamma and another lady and old Dr. Holbrook soon joined me. After being in the car a short time we heard a cry, "fire." Smoke poured in the windows, and we were obliged to leave. Everything seemed enveloped in flames. The smoke was suffocating. Nevertheless we were told to return to the car, which we did; the smoke was so powerful that we found it difficult to breathe. Some time later our car was detached from the burning cars and we saw a pile of cotton burning. We started and then stopped again after a journey of five miles. The train stopped at regular five mile intervals. The conductor told us on one of these stops that we would most certainly meet the Yankees. Once we did hear a few rifle shots. The panic was great.

Dr. Holbrook was not ruffled or disturbed. He was quiet and calm, took some bread and hogshead cheese from a basket and offered a portion to us. We were not hungry and rather afraid of hogshead, hence refused his offer. Dr. Holbrook said, "Bad taste, all nonsense to refuse. The cheese cannot hurt you." The old doctor ate his cheese with relish and put up the rest of it for his supper. He took out of his basket a yellow paperback French novel, read until dark, ate his supper of hogshead cheese and bread, talked a little and said good night. He slept soundly but was frequently roused by the conductor. At first he bore these visits with patience but they were so frequent that he lost patience and used strong language. He said, "I wish to sleep. Why does that fellow call so often? Damn it, if we were to meet the Yankees a little sleep would help us! Damn if I don't wish that fellow would leave us alone! I don't care about the G--- D--- Yankees."

We arrived at Society Hill the following afternoon. The old doctor went to Cheraw. We left him with his novel in his hand. I was sorry to see him depart, for I found his grumbling and remarks amusing. There were no vehicles when we arrived at the depot. Fortunately, Uncle William Bull Pringle happened to pass in his buggy and took us to Aunt Rosa M. Pringle's. I was so very tired as a consequence of sitting up all night on uncomfortable seats in the cars. I heard Aunt Hess Pringle say, "Eliza has brought that poor child here to die. She will not live long."

MAUM DAPHNE'S EXPERIENCE

I ASKED MAUM Daphne what she did after we left Farmfield in 1865. She said, "A few days after you and old Miss gone, the Yankees come in row-boats. I saw the Yankees talking to some of the niggers. One of the Yankees spoke to me, said, "Tell me where the silver is buried or hidden! We have been told you know all about it." Maum Daphne said, "No silver is buried on this place that I know." The soldier pointed his gun at her and said, "I will shoot you." He walked off, saying "Old woman, I will come back and will see that you tell me." Maum Daphne walked away very frightened. She met an officer and told him that she didn't know where any silver was concealed. He told her that he believed she was telling the truth and advised her to leave immediately, said that she ought to take the first boat that passed and not to return to her house. If she did return, he said, she would have a hard time as all the Negroes thought she knew where the silver was buried. She hailed the first boat she saw. It was crowded with Negroes and with many baskets and bundles. They were overladen and didn't want to take her along with them but consented at last. Maum Daphne told me that she didn't believe they would get to Charleston. Upon her arrival she had no money and nothing in the world but the clothes on her back. She was a good cook, however, and soon found a job. All her belongings were stolen when she left the farm. Often she saw things in a Negro house in Charleston that were her belongings. The Negroes never returned anything

to her. The Negroes on the farm had a hard time, especially the old and the sick. Many of the Negroes died. Old Charles was the first to die. When we returned to Charleston in October of 1865 some of the old Negroes came to us and were taken care of by Papa and Mamma until they died.

AFTER THE EVACUATION

FOR SEVERAL days after the evacuation of Charleston Confederate soldiers passed through Society Hill on the way to North Carolina. Thus we had the pleasure of seeing our brothers, cousins, and friends. To each we gave a package of bread and ham. General Sherman's army went to Cheraw and units of his cavalry visited Society Hill. They kept coming and going for days. Fortunately, we hid the provisions in the attic. The attic had never been finished—there was no staircase leading to it—and we used a ladder which we kept hidden. The Yankees were never hungry but always complaining that we had nothing nice to give them to eat. They wished milk, asked "Why do you not have cows? Never saw such a poor country." In their country they had everything, or so they said. On the pantry and storeroom floor they threw everything they could find to eat—grits, lard, sorghum—it was a fearful mixture. Handsome glass and beautiful china was dashed on top of this mess. I saw some dainty little cups. Mamma said, "Rose, the Yankees have broken your grandmother's pretty Indian china cups from Wantoot." The Yankees never arrived after dark but came all hours of the day and walked over the

house. One group laughed and said, "Don't you remember last week you were so good to us, gave us breakfast and dinner? You thought we were Confederates and we amused you, telling you stories of the horrid Yankees." We recognized them. With great pride they showed us spoons and small pieces of silver taken from a house on their way from Columbia or Camden. One day we had not seen the Yankees for hours and thought they had departed. Suddenly one of the Negroes came in the house, crying out "They are coming—the Yankees are coming up the hill." Mamma took the silver off the dining room table and put it under a little marble top table. I was told to sit by the table and not to move. The soldiers were drunk and used very bad language. One of them came up to me, said "You look scared. Why are you frightened?" I heard them say "That little girl by the table is scared. There must be a reason." They asked me again and again what was the matter with me. They said, "Little girl, tell us what is the matter with you. Why do you look so unhappy? We do not wish anything." Finally, having achieved nothing, they said, "Let us destroy some things and go." And go they did, but only after destroying some very pretty and valuable things. They were cursing and laughing as they left.

An officer came one morning. He was a gentleman, the only gentleman we had seen. He was well-dressed and rode a fine horse. He walked over the house. In going through one of the rooms, he stopped and looked at the books. He took up a Ger-

man book, then Waverly. He held it in his hand so long that I feared he planned to take it. I said, "Please do not take that book today. St. Julien, my cousin, is reading it to us and says he can finish it tonight. We wish to know the end of the story. Do let us finish it! We shall not mind if you take it tomorrow." The officer bit his lip, said "Poor child, do not look so miserable. I am not going to take the book, am only looking at it. I remember how much I enjoyed reading it when I was a boy." The officer looked around. He seemed provoked at the destruction he saw in the house. He took off his hat and said a grave good bye. He galloped away with a sad look on his face.

Some of the soldiers took a great deal of notice of Lizzie Belle, St. Julien and me. They made us laugh with the funny stories they told. A soldier asked where my father was and I said that I didn't know. He said, "Do you not know where your father is? How strange that this little girl does not know where her father is. Child, when you find your father, tie a big bell around his neck and you will know where he is." The other Yankees took it up and sang "A girl in black has lost her father. When she finds him she will tie a bell around his neck. When she hears ding, dong, ding, dong she will know her father is coming home." Mamma and Mrs. Belle called us into the house. They were provoked and disgusted. They said, "Children, you ought not to talk to those horrid Yankees." We heard them say to each other "What are we going to do with these children. It is shocking. They

will laugh and talk with the Yankees—such dreadful creatures. How can they find those creatures amusing? Think of our children talking to the Yankees! What are we coming to? Oh dear.”

The first news we heard from Columbia came from a Negro man. I do not remember whose servant he was. He told us General Sherman had burned Columbia. He left Columbia with Sherman's army, some white ladies and children—"not real ladies but second hand ladies."

AFTER THE ENEMY LEFT

A SHORT TIME after the enemy left—I do not remember how long—Papa and Mr. Ed Milliken, who had been in business with Papa, came to Society Hill. Old Mr. Furman from near Gatesburg had taken all his Negroes, animals and wagons somewhere for safekeeping. He was returning home and had escaped from the enemy in a wonderful way. Passing through Society Hill he offered most kindly to take us as far as Bishopville. Papa had a buggy and mule. One of our party travelled with Papa and the others in Mr. Furman's carriage. In the party were Mamma, Papa, and Margaret, our washerwoman. Also, Margaret's little three year old girl accompanied us. We did not want to take Margaret but she would not be left behind.

The first night we stopped at a farmhouse. The landlady was vexed and we had very little to eat. Mamma attempted to drink the coffee that was

offered to her but she couldn't do so; it made her sick. The woman said it was the best cotton seed coffee. On the next afternoon Mr. Furman left us at Bishopville. We left some trunks in that town. Later, when we received them, the locks had been broken and the contents stolen.

It was a dismal journey. We were always passing some place where the houses were burnt, only the chimneys were standing. We entered Camden after dark. At first, we saw but chimneys standing, and it looked as though the entire town had been destroyed. Indeed the town had been burned by General Sherman and later visited by General Potter and his Negro regiment. We were fortunate in finding two rooms in which to stay. We could not secure anything to eat, and the following morning we left without having anything to eat or drink except a cup of cold water.

At three o'clock on the following afternoon we arrived at an inn kept by nine Miss Higginsons—all had red hair. Mamma begged me not to eat too much for we had fasted such a long time. During that trip from Camden to Columbia Papa would say often "Rose, you must not look." I would bury my head in an old shawl. I heard Mamma and Papa say, "We must spare Rose all we can, it is so dreadful."

The wild flowers along the way were beautiful. Mamma gathered them as we travelled. I remember her holding a yellow flower and saying "This

reminds me of Burns" and repeating a piece of poetry or prose. Mamma attempted to make us forget our fatigue and weariness by quoting different authors. I recollect thinking that her memory was wonderful and how the love of flowers seemed to help her. It was queer to see wild flowers and lovely pink roses growing amid so much destruction, so bright and fresh. Whenever we stopped to rest the mules we heard no end of stories concerning General Sherman—not at all to General Sherman's credit.

A LESSON FROM THE BUTLER

WE SPENT several months in Columbia after the close of the Confederate War. The struggle for life was very great at that time, yet one never heard a murmur of protest. Everyone tried to pass the time cheerfully. We, the William Ravenels, lived principally on cowpeas and bacon. I have Mamma say that when the bacon was put before her at the dinner table that it was trouble to cut it because it was so small.

After finishing our cowpeas a long time would elapse before Hurlsey, our Negro butler, brought the bacon into the room. We became so tired of waiting, wondered why he did not bring in the bacon promptly.

In the evening when I came home from my stroll I would go in the kitchen and talk with the old Negro maumers and with Hurlsey. Those family

Negroes were very aristocratic. They made me walk in the correct way. I must be good, they said, and speak correctly. In the summertime we sat in the yard and by the kitchen fire in the winter months. Those old Negroes were devoted to me, told me stories of old times on the plantations—lovely tales that never came to an end.

One evening I said "Horlsey, who do you wait so long before bringing in the bacon after you take off the soup?" Horlsey looked grave, said, "Miss Rose, I am educating you." "Educating me, Horlsey? How?" "Miss Rose, the times are hard. You ought to know haw we lived before the war—how things ought to be." Horlsey described a very elaborate dinner with many courses—soup, fish, and game, and so on. He enjoyed instructing me and said, "You must try and think you are eating all those things I mentioned while you are waiting for the bacon." I told Mamma. Thereafter we waited patiently and never found fault at the long interval between cow-peas soup and bacon.

Horlsey took great pride in his work. Oftentimes he called me to see how nice the dinner table looked. "Look how bright I have made the silver," he would say. "And such a beautiful table cloth. No dinner to serve. Too bad everything is changed. I try by best to educate you, Miss Rose. No one seems to know it." Horlsey shook his head, said "Times are bad."

FAITH WITH JUDGMENT

WHEN CHARLESTON was shelled in August of 1863 the residents of the lower part of the city moved uptown. However, when Mayor MacBeth moved from his house at the corner of Legare and Gibbes Street one of his servants refused to move uptown. He said he would not leave the Legare Street house because his interests were there. He had his chickens, his plants, his nice room and, altogether, too many comforts to make the move. When warned of the danger of shells, he said "I am not afraid of anything. I got faith. If you got faith, nuttin gwine happen to you." Hence he was left all alone in charge of the house. About a month or so later Jack appeared at the Mayor's house on Cannon Street. He said, "Oh Mausser, I had a dreadful night. Shells were falling in the yard, hit the big house and in the street. I could hear crash, crash all night as the shells were falling in the yard and on the houses nearby. I fall on my knees, so scared. Mausser, I was too frighten even to pray." Jack was trembling. Mr. MacBeth sent him to the kitchen for breakfast. After eating, Jack told his master he was going to live uptown in the yard at Cannon Street. Mr. MacBeth said, "Well Jack, you are welcome. Make yourself at home. But, Jack, where is your faith? I thought you had faith." "Mausser, I still got faith, never loss my faith; I got faith wid judgment."

SHOPKEEPERS AND WAR RECORDS

FEELING WAS very high between north and south after the Confederate War. Whenever I went to shop in Kings Street, I asked Mamma if I could do anything for her. She would say "Rose, you are to remember that you must shop only in those stores where the war records are good." Mr. B. Schuckerman kept a worsted store. His war record was fine. He was a German and sympathetic with Germany. When the Germans in Charleston had a parade in 1870, rejoicing at the victory over the French, Mr. Schuckerman was asked to decorate his store with German flags. He said he was sorry to be disobliging but that he could not do it. He said he knew how it felt to be conquered—all the suffering and pain caused by war and defeat—which many were suffering at that time.

Mr. A. W. Jager was a splendid Confederate. How I hated to go to that store! He never had anything I wished. One day I bought some white ribbon to trim a party dress. It was rotten. The silk thread I purchased was worse. I felt like crying (am afraid I did cry). I was sure that Mr. Jager must have bought it after the war. When I told my mother that the ribbon and thread were rotten, she said, "It is impossible. His war record is too good for it to be rotten." She said I must have sat in an east wind—that was proverbial for rotting silk thread. I was only too glad when the old gentlemen and their war records died and vanished. Now I can go to any shop. There are no war records to consider.

OLD FAMILY SERVANTS

THE OLD family servants were most valuable individuals in every respect, praiseworthy, honest, faithful. Sometimes they were too much so, were exasperating. We were very fond of them despite their peculiarities.

Jim Geddes would never leave my father. He was his body servant. He lived his entire life with us. When I was young I had a lengthy illness. When I was well enough to go out, I asked Jim to take me in Papa's one horse carriage to 54 Meeting Street to pay Aunt Louisa Ravenel and my cousins a visit. As I was going in the house, Jim said "Miss Rose, you look so nice in your white dress. Now don't rumple it or dirty it."

My aunt and cousins were charming and would not let me leave. So I paid a long visit. On my way home Jim said, "Miss Rose, I don't like to find fault with you, but I don't think you ought to pay a three years visit in one."

Often Sister Kate would tell Jim to clean the dining room windows. He would say "I do not wish to do that today. I am going to wash the windows in one of the bedrooms." He was allowed to do as he pleased.

Jim was not a house servant. One day I was receiving a visit from a northern lady. Jim entered the drawing room and nodded his head at me. He put eight fresh eggs in the card receiver, counting them aloud—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,

eight." He nodded his head again and left the room. The lady was amused. I questioned Jim afterwards why he did so. He said, "Miss Rose, I heard you taking to that lady and wished to see her." "Why, Jim, she will think we always keep our eggs in the card receiver." Jim said, "I never thought of dat, won't do so no more, sorry I did so."

Sister Kate had a colored dressmaker who was very satisfactory. Jim said she was very improper, a bad woman. "Why do you not get that nice white lady? She is one of our best people, and she makes dresses." The white lady made abominable dresses. Jim told me that Sister Kate soon gave up her dressmaker.

One day at dinner Papa told us that Jim had paid him an amusing visit at the office that morning. "Mausser," he said to my father, "I want to speak to you privately." Papa took him into his private office. "Its about your daughters." "Daughters, what do you mean?" "Well, Mausser, Miss Lizzie gave me ten dollars and tell me to go to the post office and buy this piece of paper. That is no good." Papa looked at it. It was a post office money order. Papa had some trouble in making Jim understand what a post office order was. Later on he had a "good understanding" and took pleasure in dealing with the post office.

MAUM KATY

AFTER THE Confederate War Maum Katy and Maum Phoebe were taken care of by Mamma and Papa. Maum Phoebe was too old to work. Maum Katy did very little, helped wash up the breakfast things. Many wine glasses were broken. Maum Katy said she could not help it—"The foots would come off every time she took one up." She kept repeating that they had such "delicate foots and thin legs." I was told to help Maum Katy wash up. Then no more "footes" came off the wine glasses.

MAUM KITTY

ASKED MAUM KITTY, my aunt's maid, to go with me and have her photograph taken. She hesitated, said "Don't see any use." One morning she came and said "Miss Rose, if you wish to have my photo taken, I will oblige you, but don't see no use." She was serious. I called for her (it was a summer morning in the year 1881). Maum Kitty was a tall Negro woman, very dignified, quite erect, with a pleasant smile. She was a kind, good woman, capable, devoted to the family, and all loved her. She had on a purple calico dress, brown checked apron, and white kerchief.

The photographer asked me to leave the room because he thought I might make her nervous. I thought that nonsense. I consented, nevertheless. He soon called me, said "I cannot do a thing with that old woman. I've done my best. She is terrified."

I went into the room, took away the iron he had used to keep her head in place. She was re-

lieved, thought iron was to be put all over her body to keep her arms, feet straight. I said "Maum Kitty, there is nothing that will hurt you or frighten you. Just stand up as if you were in church, look at me and repeat a hymn." "I can do that," she said.

The photograph was excellent. Maum Kitty was so happy coming home, the going was miserable. My aunt told me they heard shouts of laughter from the kitchen. The Negro servants said Maum Kitty told them she was "drawed" from her head to her foot. "It never hurt one bit," she said. I was so depressed. It brought tears to my eyes to think that dear Maum Kitty for one moment thought I would cause her pain. Dear Maum Kitty, to give me pleasure she must have suffered.

HORRY ON THE TOMBSTONE

ONE MORNING in the summer of 1892, while Cousin Hal Ravenel was visiting us, an old Negro family servant, Martha Brown, came to see her. Cousin Hal said, "Well, Martha, how are you? Are you quite well?" "Why Miss Hayete, well is a big word, an you ain't got fo see him often. But I feel some better, dat you can be berry tankful fo."

Martha's family had been in the Rutledge and Horry families for five generations. As she was departing, she said "Miss Hal, I wish to consult you about something important. I is named Martha Brown. But when I die I do not want Martha Brown put in the newspaper and on my coffin. I want Martha Horry or Martha Rutledge. Which would look best?" I thing Cousin Hall told her such an

important question she would have to decide for herself. I heard that she made up her mind—Horry would be best on her coffin and in the newspaper. This was her churchyard name.

COL. BULL'S CALLING CARD

JUST BEFORE the evacuation of Charleston W. I. Bull set fire to his house on Ashley Hall plantation, saying he would rather burn his house than leave to the Yankees to burn. After the Confederate War he lived in a small house on the plantation.

One year—I think 1869—a French vessel of war came to Charleston. We saw a good deal of the officers, and I remember playing croquet with them on several occasions at the Battery. I danced with them at parties and balls.

The French officers went everywhere in their rowboats. One morning they went to Ashley Hall, got out of their boats, and walked around the grounds. They met a Negro man, asked him if Colonel Bull were at home. The Negro gave their cards to Colonel Bull. He had no card but picked up a wooden shingle and wrote on it: "Colonel William Izard Bull, Ashley Hall, St. Andrew's Parish, South Carolina." This was written in black paint. He sent this card to the French officers and asked them to come up to the house. The colonel met them very cordially. The French officers said they enjoyed their visit to Ashley Hall and appreciated Colonel Bull's hospitality and enjoyed his interesting conversation.

THE VISIT OF A NEW YORKER

A GENTLEMEN FROM New York came to Charleston a short time after the Confederate War. He hired a Negro who kept a small stable, two horses and, as he thought, the Negro as a guide to show him the places of interest around Charleston. When the New Yorker had seen all he wished, he paid the Negro for his horses. He said "Now, my man, what am I to pay you for your services?" The Negro, touching his hat and taking it off with great pride and dignity, said "Sir, among Charleston gentlemen there is no charge for social intercourse."

IDEAS OF A TOURIST GUIDE

I HAD SOME northern friends who came to Charleston in 1902 to see our exposition. One afternoon we went to the Isle of Palms in a tourist car. The man was eloquent in describing all the places of interest. He stopped the car when we came to Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island. The man said "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the place—the grave of Osceola and his wife. The Charleston people never have been able to decide who Osceola was. They are still discussing whether he was the first Huguenot who came to Charleston or the first vestryman of St. Michael's Church. I did not say a word, did not wish to spoil the story. My friends laughed a great deal.

LINDY BEE

COUSIN MARY Louisa de Saussure's Negro maid Lindy Bee was born on Uncle Edmund Ravenel's plantation in St. Thomas' Parish. In her latter years she was much alone, for her daughter

worked out by the way and did not return until after six in the evening. But she said that she was never lonely between five and six in the evening because her old mistress, mausser and the young ladies came from heaven and even Mass Ned sometimes came and they talked of old days on the plantation. We told her she must have been dreaming but she said "No, they really came, it was no dream."

After death Lindy Bee looked twenty years younger, peaceful and happy as if she were sleeping. The funeral was interesting and the singing beautiful. It took me back to old times. Most of the Negroes at the funeral were middle age people. The preacher spoke well. He gave a beautiful tribute to Lindy Bee. He said, "After the Confederate War the slaves were made free, no provision was made for them. It was most trying. Sister Lindy Bee was one of these who were faithful, good, conscientious, put her faith in God and did her duty." What he said was true.

She must have suffered a great deal at times. She was sick with asthma and heart trouble. Yet I never heard her complain, and she was so grateful for all that was done for her. The last time I saw her she said "I cannot tell you what your visits are to me; I cannot thank you enough." She told me she was ready to die and knew that there was a place in heaven for Miss Kate, my sister, and herself. I was sorry that she did not include me.

EATING THE ABBOTSFORD EDITION

AFTER THE Confederate War life was hard and everyone was poor. Uncle Julius Pringle made an arrangement with Mr. O'Hara who sold old books to buy a volume of "The Abbotsford Edition" of Sir Walter Scott when he wished to sell one. Uncle Julius found it hard to make up his mind to part with the Abbotsford Edition. I have forgotten who they thought they had to ask to dinner. The sacrifice had to be made. *Waverly* was sent to Mr. O'Mara. St. Julien Pringle, my cousin, was so excited, the next day told me *Waverly* was a great success, so delicious and "would last several days." At that dinner no one knew they were eating Sir Walter Scott's novel *Waverly*. Another time St. Julien came with a sad face—*Rob Roy* was tough, a failure. It was a long time before the whole of the Abbotsford Edition was sold. It was only sold when they were in great need of money. St. Julien and I were young and thought it funny to have dinners with such delightful names. We could not understand why as each novel was sold Uncle Julius was so sad. It seemed to make him sick, ill. He had a cheaper edition which we read whenever we wished—Abbotsford only to be looked at.

MAUM DAPHNE REPROVES THE SISTERS

SISTER KATE and I returned from Highlands, North Carolina, where we had spent the summer of 1900. On our way home we spent the night in Columbia, and arrived the next day in Charleston on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Pringle and Edward gave us a warm welcome. Jim, Sally, our

Negro servants, were delighted to see us. Maum Daphne received us very coldly, merely nodded her head. We thought it peculiar as she assured us she was not sick. The morning she came to our room, shut the door, wished to have serious talk with us. She "thought it her duty." "Now Miss Kate and Miss Rose, uner had a good father and mother, who brought uner up to do what was right, uner was fetched up properly—now old time Miss and old Mausser never taught uner to travel on Sunday, that is why I would not speak to uner yesterday. I was vexed dat uner should go do what uner knew was de wrong thin." The next year Sister Kate and I were in New York, and wished to leave Saturday morning and arrive at home Sunday morning at six o'clock. We stayed until Monday so as not to hurt Maum Daphne and give her the pain of giving us a serious talk. Whenever she thought we were doing what was not right, would give us a serious talk, saying it was her duty—"Young people sometimes forget how they were brought up."

THE BAD WON'T GO TO HEAVEN

ONE MORNING I was writing a letter and our young Negro maid came to me laughing, smiling, and very happy. "Miss Rose, Aunt Daphne says she is quite sure when I die I will go to hell, I am so bad. When I die I would like to go to heaven. What do you think Miss Rose?" I had not the heart to tell her anything unpleasant, and, certainly, I did not know anything about the next world. I told her if she was good and tried to do what was right, she would be rewarded. She danced

downstairs, sometimes slid on the banisters. I forgot all about Sally's conversation. I heard thump, thump, and there was Maum Daphne, Jim's mother. "Miss Rose, I am vexed with you; you go an tell that bad girl that she will go to heaven. She is a torment; I always thought the good would go to heaven and the bad to hell. Heaven and hell has helped me all my life. If that bad girl does go to heaven I don't wish to go there. You have upset all my religious views. You were brought up well and know better." I told her Sally looked so happy I could not tell her she was going to hell. "Now Miss Rose, you give that bad girl an alarm clock on Christmas, and she makes it go off from six in the morning until nine at night; it makes me crazy." I told Maum Daphne she was faithful and good, that I was sure she would go to heaven. Maum Daphne said "Miss Rose, of course you don't know anything of the next world, I know more about religion before you were born. You don't know what you are talking about when you tink the bad will go to heaven." She was vexed with me for some time, but forgave me. Religions and religious people I have never been able to understand. I have never again talked to servants about religion.

JIM—OUR FRIEND AND SERVANT

ONE MORNING Jim came in the dining room and told my brother, J. R. P. Ravenel, that he had a very bad cold. Pringle told him he was sorry for him, but that time would cure him. Jim disappeared for hours. He came upstairs to our room door. He had been to the market to buy some

thyme. It was hard to get and he was going to make some thyme tea and drink it all day. Pringle told him thyme would cure him. He always recommended thyme for a cold, it had cured him.

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

THE OTHER afternoon a friend called. She told us she was so busy, that her daughter was going out this winter and she was giving her dinners and dances. There was no trouble in giving a dinner to her friends but to have any kind of entertainment for her daughter and *her* friends was a labor. It must be new and fashionable. They were severe critics and it was almost impossible to satisfy them. This made me think of the winter I went out. My first St. Cecelia ball was at the South Carolina Hall. There were two long tables at the side of the room covered with fine damask, large dishes of biscuits, silver coffee pots. Biscuits and coffee were handed around. My father was president of the St. Cecelia at that time and Mr. Edward Milliken my father's friend who lived with us, was vice president. We all wore Tarlatan dresses, very pretty and always fresh. They were made at home by our mothers and sisters. We would meet at each others' houses and dance. We had nothing to eat, only water to drink. This went on for years. You never saw young people enjoy themselves more, so happy—they certainly had a good time. How times have changed!

MAUM DAPHNE

OUR DEAR Maum Daphne died the 15th of January 1902, aged eighty-two, after a short illness of four days. Sister Kate said it was touching to see how Maum Daphne's face changed and brightened whenever I came into the room, and for the moment she seemed to forget her suffering. I loved her dearly, she loved me (to Maum Daphne I was Miss and Mausser's little child, always to be loved and petted, and never could think of Miss Rose as a grown up). I was with her as much as I could during her last illness. I thank God with all my heart I was with her when she died, it was a privilege to be the one to pray for her the last moments she was on earth and when her sweet spirit was leaving this world for the next. After death she looked wonderfully peaceful, a lovely expression of sweetness and goodness. To my eye, she looked handsome. Daphne Whiskers (funny name) was a Methodist. The funeral was downstairs in the piazza overlooking the garden (Maum Daphne was very fond of walking in the garden, planted what she wished—generally herbs and red peppers). Her friends and relations gathered around the coffin. The only white people were Sister Kate, Lizzie, Pringle, his wife, and myself. The Negro preacher had the Negroes under perfect control, and they sang delightfully. First a hymn and a few prayers, an extemporaneous prayer, and an address. He praised Sister Daphne Whiskers, and told the young people they ought to follow the example of the old people who were passing away. The address was good—only

too long and rambling. Two hymns were sung, a prayer, then very quietly and sweetly and softly an old Negro tune. "Rest for the weary on the other side of Jordan in the fields of Eden." I have never heard anything that seemed to appeal to me more than the lovely singing of that hymn.

The coffin was brought through the house, down the long entry, beneath my palms, with the Negroes following. She was taken to Farmfield, St. Andrews Parish, and was buried by her mother and children. Lindy, her cousin, told me. My brother Edward met the procession in the avenue, and stood by the grave with his head bowed. During the interment the Negroes sang and planted ivy on the grave. Maum Daphne was devoted to Ned, and he was very fond of her. I miss her dreadfully. When the family would go out at night to the theatre or lecture, she would come in my room and sit by the fire and tell me stories about the plantation life before the war. She was always telling me how good my father and mother were to her and all the good they did. The old Negro maumers were devoted to me and took me into a world of romance and religion. When I kissed Maum Daphne's brow for the last time, I thanked God for having let me know her and the happiness of being loved by her.

WHY NEGROES SING SUCH DOLEFUL SONGS

ASKED MY brother Edward why the Negroes sang such doleful, dismal songs, generally hymns. He said he had asked several old Negro men that question. He was told by them that "The old Ne-

groes thought it wrong to sing anything cheerful and were forbidden by their leaders to sing anything cheerful. But they could sing hymns. My brother lived most of his life on the plantation. Our washer-woman while ironing sings such sad things (refrain) "I am tired and weary." She is not old and is cheerful looking and does not seem unhappy.

Our cook looked particularly cheerful today and sang "Goin to Jesus"—"I have no one to care for me, no one to help me." After each piece laughed and seemed happy. My brother said he liked the men singing in the field even better than the women singing—so full and rich.

THE FIRST TIME WE VOTED

WE WERE so distressed that women were allowed to vote. One morning Sister Kate called Lizzie and me in the drawing room. She said we must talk and consider seriously the subject of voting—"much as we dislike it, the vote was our duty." Lizzie and I agreed. So, very seriously, we decided to accept this disagreeable honor that was thrust on us.

I telephoned our nephew who was five miles away at Farmfield, St. Andrew's parish. We wished him to help us. He arrived that afternoon, very curious to know what we wanted him to do and what "was up." Sister Kate told him we wished him to go with us to register, that it was our duty. He exclaimed, "My aunts going into politics! Well, well." He told his father (our brother Edward). The whole evening Ned kept saying "What are we coming to, my sisters are to vote? You must stand

by them, my boy, when your aunts get duty in their heads nothing can prevent them." My nephew came the next day, took us in his auto to the Fireproof Building, corner of Meeting Street and Chalmers Street. We went into a basement room. Two men were there, the Negroes went to one, Lizzie and I to the other. The man in charge was a gentleman, and we had no trouble. That was the county register. In September we had to ask our nephew to escort us to the City Hall to register for the city. It opened at twelve o'clock and our nephew would not let us go before one o'clock. It would not look well for his aunts to be too anxious to register. We had on our hats at twelve o'clock, when our nephew came from Farmfield, and had to wait one hour. We had to register in the basement of the City Hall. It is curiously arched, architecture interesting, only it looks too much like a dungeon. There was a long table. Three horrid looking men sitting down—one puffing and smoking. We were the only persons there. Sister Kate and I stood up. (Sister Kate in a white dress, pretty black lace bonnet with flowers and very dignified). The man took a long time to copy our county register. He stood before Sister Kate. He had a piece of printing poster on card board—"The law requires me to ask you these things. Did you ever commit a crime? Did you ever commit larceny?" A lot of awful questions I had never heard of and did not know what meant. Sister Kate said No! She did not swear. He turned to me, looked at me and I at him. In that dungeon it was very hot. I did not understand one word that the man said, so said nothing. The man handed me the reg-

ister paper and said "You can go." I said "Thank you." He said "It was a pleasure." It was certainly no pleasure to me. Our nephew stood by us like a good nephew. When we came out I said "Sister Kate, do let us go to St. Michael's church yard. I think I will feel more at home with the dead than the living." "Rose, that is nonsense. Get in the auto. The man only did his duty." When we got home I threw myself on the bed—I was so tired.

November we had to vote. Pringle said he would go with us. It was in Church Street, two doors from Tradd Street. We walked. Pringle said Sister Kate was the eldest and must vote first. I said it looked like rain so Lizzie must vote first. We had no trouble, no one was there. Lizzie voted the whole ticket. Sister Kate and I did not know enough about the people, so scratched off some of the names. We were in the minority.

Sister Kate eighty-two, two months of eighty-three—Pringle eighty-one, Lizzie seventy-nine one month of eighty, and I at old but younger seventy-one.

AMONG THE LADIES

RECEIVED AN invitation in the spring at 1922 from Mrs. H. J. Leiding, asking me to her house. A lady from New York was to speak that afternoon. I have forgotten the lady's name. I went and the New York lady praised the South—I am rather tired of flattery from the North. The lady wished to get up classes in Charleston to teach the young people how to write short stories that would bring a commercial value. She was connected with

newspapers and magazines in New York; the South was the place to write from and about. When she had finished, Mrs. Leiding asked the few gentlemen present to speak (most of them from the poetry club). I did not find them interesting or inspiring. The ladies had bad colds, no voice, and could not speak.

This old lady had never been to a meeting of the kind before, wished so much to say a few words—she was not asked. When I told my sisters, I think they were glad I held my tongue, but were too polite to say so. This is what I wished to say: My dear young people, you can learn a great deal from the New York lady—I hope you will take lessons—I would advise you, when you finish with her, to read the letters of the old people (if you can get them). In my mother's and grandmother's day there were great letter writers. They described the life on the plantation, city life, books they were reading—a perfect picture of *all* they were doing and thinking. Many of the letters were destroyed by fire, war, earthquakes, and storms. I am going to try and sketch how, in my day, we were surrounded. In those days we lived in a different atmosphere and a different world than we live in now.

After the Confederate war a friend of Mamma's, who lived in the western part of the city, said that when she engaged a cook, she was hired to cook the dinner and take a note to Mrs. William Ravenel, No. 7 East Battery, every day, which she had to do conscientiously. In those days most people wrote so you could read their writing. Some wrote beautifully, often abbreviated "wd" for would and "cd" for could, and so on.

We had a neighbor who came to see Mamma every day (Mamma was an invalid and a great sufferer). This lady was in the habit of sending notes almost daily to Mamma. One day she wrote a long letter to Mamma, and a passage in a book took her fancy. She copied the passage with her comments on it and enclosed it with a letter she had just received in the hope that it would amuse her old friend. She was afraid that something might prevent her coming over that day. I thought that funny—I knew she would be at our house before dark. She came at five o'clock in the afternoon. She was a dear, sweet, good, kind old lady and we were very fond of her. She said her house and clothes were in such good order, she could go away or get married at a moment's notice. In those days there were no telephones or messenger boys, one of the children brought the notes. There was an old letter that I loved to read, (one of the family burnt it I do not know why). As I remember the letter, Miss McPherson wrote to her intimate friend that she was engaged to Mr. P. "As far as I know our engagement has given satisfaction to all parties. One evening my dear little mother came in the drawing room. Mr. P was visiting me. To my surprise she said, 'Mr. P would you mind giving me your religious views?' I was so scared—what would he say? I never thought of asking him such a question. He bowed and said 'Madame, I shall with pleasure. I am like the great Samuel Johnson, I firmly believe and humbly adore.' 'I am perfectly satisfied Mr. P. You can have my daughter.' My dear little mother left

very happy. It was a great relief to me. Mr. P. and I had a good laugh."

One of Mamma's aunts was married very young, taught herself to write letters, first a good hand that was pleasant and easy to read. She wrote every day to an imaginary person, on all subjects, and the result was that all her letters were very interesting.

I wish you all would read the Rev. Mr. Drayton's sermon on the "Reopening of the Goose Creek church January 2, 1876." It ends: "Land of noble deeds and of lovely memories, who holdest thy children with a fascination all thy own, the storm has swept over thee, thy beauty has been marred and thy glory may depart, but our love never, never."

This is from an old book which describes the old people of my day: "All suffered under the same straitened means, none were ashamed of a poverty forced upon them from without. We ought also to remember the limitations of the literature which they possessed, the possible advantage of not having too many books to read. They were constrained to think for themselves, to understand for themselves, to criticize for themselves. The periodical literature of that day was especially scanty (in their small world). Men and women were forced to work out for themselves problems of all kinds. The fact they were politically bound hand and foot, gave greater intensity to their interest in other questions. Denied all freedom in public affairs, they sought it in their conventional relations."

Moses Mendlesohn says concerning the Jews of his day (applies to those old people) that they "had

only shown their strength in prayer and fasting." Jane Austen describes my day in *Pride and Prejudice*: "Such as wished to learn never wanted the means. We were encouraged to read, those who chose to be idle certainly might."

We were surrounded by clever people, who had many advantages of education, and travel, were good talkers, some musicians and artists. Many of these old ladies were very lively.

A good description of my old ladies from an old book: "Fairies showered lavishly their choicest gifts not the least enviable of these was that elastic cheerfulness rare as it is precious and of priceless value."

After the Confederate war some Charlestonians wrote interesting books. There are here this afternoon some who have written charming stories. I hope sincerely they will continue to write. I have more to say, but will not take up your time. I thank you for your patience in listening to this old Charlestonian.

LAST WORDS

I LOST MY eyesight eleven years ago. I was blind several years before Sister Kate died. After Sister Kate died I was told that I had not one cent. I kept up for a few months. I secured a lawyer who was very kind to me. I sold some of my things. I became ill. My nurses Sally and Maggie were devoted to me, were with me day and night. When my condition improved I had to make up my mind how I was to live. I had to keep myself in order, not an easy thing. I must not find fault, be pleasant

and docile and not mind anything. Blindness is a wonderful life, interesting, and brings one to God. One has to learn to feel, all one touches is different. I was always a great reader. I tried to remember the books I had read and what books helped me in my life. I called it my memory library. It was scant but helpful. I would repeat the hymns and poetry that I remembered. Then I would count my blessings when I could not sleep in the days that never came to an end. God helped me in every way. I had many friends, young and old.

I had my eyes operated on. I can now see to read with a magnifying glass. But my doctor says I must not use the glass too much.

NOTE ON THE TRANSCRIPTION

The transcription is a free one, absolute faithfulness to the temper and bent of the author being the main objective. Numerous changes in organization have been made by the editor. A reasonable amount of editorial alteration was indicated by the fact the reminiscences were set down by several hands during the years Miss Rose Ravenel was blind.

FROM THE RAVENEL RECORDS

THE FAMILY of William Ravenel—William (a son of Daniel II of Wantoot plantation) born October 23, 1806, died November 10, 1888; married May 31, 1836 to Eliza Butler Pringle. The latter was born December 6, 1814, died August 6, 1888. She was a daughter of James Reid Pringle and his wife Elizabeth McPherson. The children by this marriage were as follows:

- (1) Julia Pringle, born March 9, 1837, died June 4, 1863.
- (2) Catherine Prioleau, born December 17, 1838, died March 6, 1933.
- (3) James Reid Pringle, born June 1, 1840, died May 15, 1930.
- (4) Elizabeth McPherson, born November 12, 1841, died April 9, 1928.
- (5) Mary Pringle, born November 16, 1843, died September 14, 1856.
- (6) William, born December 20, 1845, died August 24, 1863.
- (7) Edward, born January 4, 1848, died December 16, 1936. In December 1897 he married Wilhelmina Kruger.
- (8) Rose Pringle, born February 28, 1850, died December 3, 1943.

The author of *Piazza Tales*

- (9) Julius Pringle, born March 24, 1852, died May 7, 1853.
- (10) Arthur Ravenel, born April 27, 1854, died April 30, 1855.
- (11) Eliza Pringle, born October 18, 1856, died October 5, 1857.